

MECHANIC'S



ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE MECHANIC, MUTUAL PROTECTION, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,]

Late Publisher of the *Mechanic's Mirror*,

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

A weekly paper, devoted to the interests of the Mechanics Mutual Protection, and the Elevation of Labor.

JOHN TANNER, Editor.

THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE will be published every Thursday morning, at No. 24 Commercial Building, corner Broadway and Hudson-st., at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance.

It has now become imperative that the mechanic should have a weekly paper so that he can sit down on Saturday evening, and read the events of the week, the improvements in science, and also refresh his mind with the choice literature of the day. From every quarter, we have been solicited to do so; and the substance of every letter that we have received on the subject, has been, "The Mechanics ought to have a weekly paper of their own."

The MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, will be printed in eight large pages suitable for binding. It will embrace under its separate departments the choicest selections from the best works, original articles from the pens of eminent Mechanics, lists of Inventions, and the most important and stirring news of the week in a correct and condensed form.

We have engaged many of the most distinguished Mechanics in the United States, as Contributors to our columns. It will be emphatically the Mechanic's Advocate and Fireside Companion. From repeated assurances we have no doubt that the Mechanics of our State and Country will give us a hearty and united support. We would therefore ask our friends to interest themselves in our behalf, and the elevation of their fellow craftsmen.

All communications must be addressed to JOHN TANNER, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, Albany.

TAKE NOTICE.—Tanner's Publication Office, has been removed from the Exchange, to No. 24 Commercial Buildings, where he will be happy to receive the calls of his Mechanic friends.

JOHN HARRISON General Travelling Agent.

Songs of Labor.

GO AHEAD.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

Ho! come hither, friend, and listen:
Would you conquer in the strife?
Let these two words shine and glisten
In your course through after life,
Go ahead!

Strike your road and do not wander,
Take a straight path through the throng,
And while others pause and ponder,
Still move steadily along—
Go ahead!

Not a rash, impetuous folly,
But an even measured pace,
Bent to one strain, and one wholly,
Come out victor in the race—
Go ahead!

Never stop to look behind you,
Never loiter by the way:
Let the dusk of evening find you
Ready for the coming day—
Go ahead!

Onward, upward, still be climbing,
Never let your spirits fail:
You can hear the joy-bells chiming
Better aloft than in the vale—
Go ahead!

Though your road be rugged and lonely:
Though your step be heavy and slow:
It is from the mountain only
You can grasp this world below—
Go ahead!

SONNET.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"Love one another."—JESUS.

Oh! Holy Master! from thy lips divine
Came the soft mandate, "Love ye one another":
Sweet words with which all gentler thoughts entwined,
Of peace, good will—and kindness for each other.
Oh! blessed creed of universal love—
Pure prompter of all mild humanities:
Sure soft'ner—tender as the white-wing'd dove—
Fulfilling all life's needful charities.
The simple beauty of this Heaven-born plan,
From the meek Teacher's words may we learn,
That not all vainly taught, our hearts may turn
With loving kindness to each human brother,
And so fulfill His word—"Love one another."
December, 1846.

NEVER FEAR.

Though the clouds are black as night,
Though the lightning be deadly bright,
Though the thunderbolt is red,
Though the shaft of death is sped,
God is perfect overhead—
Never fear!

Though the tyrant's axe is bright,
Though the black block is in sight,
Though a foeman is each knave,
Though a coward is each slave,
God is with the freeman brave—
Never fear!

Though the bigots' curses raise,
Though the martyr's agonies blaze,
Though they strive to cripple youth,
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,
God is ever with the truth—
Never fear!

Though the storm-god flaps his wings,
Though the tempest of death song sings,
In the clouds are blue specks fair,
Through the dark boughs blows an air,
God is present everywhere—
Never fear!

(A Predicament.—The fellow who wrote this ought to be darned:

How queerly does a lady feel
A walking in the street,
When she's aware her stocking heel
Makes visible her feet.
She lifts her foot up awkwardly,
And puts it down again,
And tries to pass that none may see,
But labors all in vain.

I'd rather be a old one goose,
And stand within my pen,
Than own a store or dwelling-house
Where rum is sold to men:
Yes, sooner far I'd be a toad,
And crawl beneath a chip,
Than have the name of getting bread
By selling drunkards' flip.

Original Correspondence.

THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

(CONTINUED.)

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

The Polygastria, or Polygastrica, are, as the name would imply, a natural group of animals characterized by the digestive organ being composed of several little globular bladders connected to each other by a common tube; and these globular tubes receive and digest the matter on which the animalcule feeds when in a sufficiently commuted or divided state. That this is their real organization, we have evident proof; for by an ingenious process, first adopted, we believe, by Gleichen von Russiarm, these little cavities occurring in the bodies of the polygastrica, can be more minutely examined. The process was that of coloring the water in which the animalcules were contained, with carmine or indigo. The tinged water was thus traced from cavity to cavity, until its final ejection from the last of the series. The polygastrica present great diversity both of figure and dimensions. None of them exceed the twelfth of an inch in length; and some of the smaller species, even when full grown, are but the two-thousandth part of that measure; indeed so minute must be some of the young of the infusoria, that they cannot be recognized by our microscopes. The greater number of polygastrica are found in fresh water; but there are also countless hosts contained in the salt water of the ocean, in astrigent solutions, in fluids produced by animal secretions, in humid earth, bogs, and morasses. They may also be artificially produced by macerating hay, grass, horses' hair, black pepper, and a vast variety of other organic matters, in water. It is highly probable that some kinds reside in the vapor of the atmosphere, in which, from their lightness, they may be raised up in countless multitudes, and blown about by the wind in invisible, cloud-like masses. In none of the animals of the class polygastrica, can a vascular system be traced. In many species there is a demonstration of the existence of eyes, and from the movements and habits of the animal, there can be but little doubt that organs of touch and sensation also exist, though no definite nervous system has been detected.

The whole of the movements of the polygastrica (and the same remark holds good, to a certain extent, of all the infusoria,) are performed by vibrating cilia. These appendages, which have received the name of "cilia," from their supposed resemblance to the eyelashes, are constantly in motion, rapidly vibrating in the water. In some species of the infusoria, they are distributed over the whole surface of the body; in others, they are disposed in one or more circles around the mouth, or aperture of the digestive organs; and on some, are arranged in zones or one or more circular, or semi-circular projections on the upper part of the body. In the last modification, the successive action of the rows of cilia produce the appearance of a rotatory motion like that of a wheel on its axis. And this resemblance is so striking as to have induced Ehrenberg to classify all the animals possessing this charac-

ter in his second division, of which we shall hereafter speak, namely, the Rotatoria. The chief use of the cilia is to bring the food to the mouth by the currents produced by the water's aeration; and in those species requiring it, progression is performed by the agency of the same organs. In the rapid motion of these cilia, we have proofs of a muscular system; for, reasoning from our present state of knowledge, we can in no way separate animal motion from muscular fibre. Ehrenberg, indeed, believed that he had discovered muscles, and even the distribution of their fibres, in some of the larger polygastria; but great doubt still exists on the subject.

The polygastria, when examined by night, are found to be as actively in motion as during the day; in fact, they never seem to require repose, or, in the words of Ehrenberg, they seem to be sleepless.

The propagation of the polygastria is effected in three different ways; and what is still more curious, all these modes of reproduction may go on in the same animalcule at the same time. The first of the modes is the formation of ovas, or eggs, a very fertile mode of increase; the second consists in the growth of buds upon the parent; and the last, and most extraordinary, is the spontaneous, self-division of the body of the animalcule into two or more individuals. When we take into consideration all these methods of increase possessed by these extraordinary beings, we can no longer wonder at their otherwise incomprehensible increase of number in a very short space of time. Ehrenberg himself remarks, "on the astonishing great fertility or capacity of increase of microscopic animals, according to which an imperceptible corpuscle can become, in four days, one hundred and seventy billions of animalcules!"

To be continued.

MAGNETISM.

(CONTINUED.)

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

In the year 1576, Robert Norman, a mathematical instrument maker in London, discovered the *dip*. He found that the card of the compass near the north point was always depressed or inclined downward, so that he was obliged to put a counterpoise on the southern pole of the needle, to keep it level.

Mentioning this circumstance to some scientific friends, he was advised to construct a needle on a horizontal axis, and to observe the position to which this downward inclination would bring the northern pole. He accordingly constructed the first *dipping needle*, and found the *dip* to be about seventy-one and a half degrees.

The variation of the needle was accurately observed at London by Burrough, the friend of Norman, who found that in the year 1581 it was eleven degrees and fifteen minutes east. In the treatises extant by Norman and Burrough, no reference is made to any change, periodical or otherwise, either in the variation or the *dip*.

In the following century, the change to which the variation is subject was observed by Mair, Gunter, Gellibrand, and Bond. In the year 1599, Edward Wright wrote a work on the compass, which was published by Prince Maurice, lord high admiral of the United Provinces, in which the advantage of keeping registers of the variations observed on all voyages is urged. Thus the variation of the variation, not only as to time, but as to place, had at this period begun to receive the attention of those engaged in navigation.

When the influence of magnets on ferruginous matter came to be examined, it was soon apparent that they not only enjoyed the property of attraction, but that soft iron, so long as it remained within the sphere of their influence, actually acquired their own nature, and became magnetic also. When withdrawn from the influence of the magnet, the iron was found to return to its natural state. If, however, the iron, while influenced by the magnet, were twisted, filed, hammered, or submitted to other violence affecting its

structure, it was then found to preserve the magnetism it had acquired, even when withdrawn from the magnet.

When iron filings were scattered over a sheet of paper under which a magnetic bar was placed, it was found that the metallic powder arranged itself in a particular manner, indicating different intensities of attraction in different parts of the bar. At a point near the centre the attraction seemed to cease, and to be augmented in each direction toward the extremities. The polarity of the magnet was consequently apparent. The points where the attraction seemed to be most intense were called the *poles*.

When a magnetic bar was broken in the middle, or at the neutral point, each part was found to acquire separate polarity, and, like the original magnet, to have two poles with neutral points intermediate. When magnetism was imparted by a magnet to a bar of iron, the former lost none of its own magnetic force. Hence it was inferred that, in giving magnetism, the magnet lost none of the magnetic fluid.

When a magnet was brought in contact with a piece of steel, the effect was first discovered to be feebly but gradually increased, until the steel itself became a permanent magnet, but that this might be effected suddenly by friction. Bars of steel, thus magnetized, were called *artificial magnets*.

Gilbert, in his work already referred to published in the sixteenth century, mentions that the fact of magnetism being imparted to a bar of iron by the earth itself, was first discovered by examining the rod of the weathercock of the church of the Augustines at Mantua.

The possibility of conferring magnetism on substances which are not ferruginous, was shown in 1733 by Brandt, who imparted magnetism to the metal cobalt. Cronstedt, in 1750, showed that nickel is also susceptible of this property.

After philosophers had become familiar with the attractions and repulsions, the polarity and directive power of magnets, their attention was directed to the establishment of a numerical measure of the actual amount of attractive or repulsive force which they exerted under given circumstances. For a long period, no estimate of this was formed more accurate than the weights which, by attraction, the magnet was capable of supporting attached to a piece of soft iron adhering to it. In 1780, Coulomb applied to magnetism those beautiful and accurate instruments of investigation which were so successfully employed in electricity and other departments of experimental physics, and determined by their means the intensities and laws of magnetic forces. Two methods of measuring the force exerted were practised by him, similar to those by which electric attractions and repulsions had been measured. These were, the balance of torsion, by which the amount of the force was estimated by the action of a twisted wire, or fibre of silk; and the observation of the number of oscillations which the attracted or repelled body made in a given time, on each side of the line of attraction or repulsion. By these means it was demonstrated that the force of a magnet was, *ceteris paribus*, in the direct ratio of the absolute intensity of the magnetism, and inversely as the square of the distance of the attracted or repelled body from it: a law identical in all respects with that by which electrical attractions and repulsions are governed. He also estimated, as he had done with electrified conductors, the distribution of magnetism on the surface of magnetized bars; and found that in bars of equal transverse section, of which the length was considerable compared with the magnitude of the section, the poles or points of maximum intensity were always at a distance of about an inch and a half from the extremities; and that, in very short bars, the poles are at one-third of their length from the extremities, and that this latter position is the limit to which the poles approach as the bars are diminished in length.

In making artificial magnets, either by means of

natural magnets or by other artificial magnets already made, the process first adopted was to rub the bar to be magnetized, from end to end, with one of the poles of the magnet by which it was to be magnetized. This method succeeded sufficiently well in magnetizing short needles; but, when applied to bars of any considerable length, it was attended with the liability of producing *consequent points*—that is, in fact, making the bar into a succession of magnets instead of a single magnet. Thus a certain portion of the entire length, measured from the extremity, would possess two poles and an intermediate neutral point; then another succeeding portion of the length would possess other two poles with another intermediate neutral point, and so on.

In 1745, Dr. Gowan Knight, of London, practised an improved method. He placed two strong bar magnets end to end in the same line, the north pole of the one being in contact with the south pole of the other. Over them he laid the bar to be magnetized, its centre coinciding with the united ends of the two magnets, and its length laid along them. In this position the two magnets were drawn asunder, their poles passing under each half of the length of the bar to be magnetized. By this method the bar acquired much stronger magnetism than by that which had previously been practised.

To be continued.

Select Reading for the People.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by MARY HOWITT.

It is wonderful! When my heart feels the most warmly, and my emotions are the noblest, it is as if my hands and my tongue were tied; I cannot describe, I cannot express, my own inward state; and yet I am a painter; my eye tells me so; and every one who has seen my sketches and my tablets acknowledges it.

I am a poor youth; I live over there in one of the narrowest streets, but I have no want of light, because I live up aloft, with a view over all the house-tops. The first day I came into the city it seemed to me so confined and lonesome; instead of the woods and the green breezy heights, I had only the grey chimneys as far as I could see. I did not possess one friend here; not a single face which I knew saluted me.

One evening, very much depressed in mind, I stood at my window; I opened it and looked out. Nay, how glad it made me! I saw a face which I knew; a round, friendly face, that of my dearest friend in heaven; it was the Moon—the dear old Moon, the very same, precisely the same, as when she peeped at me between the willow-trees on the marshes. I kissed my hand to her; she shone right down into my chamber, and promised me, that every night when she was out she would take a peep at me. And she has honestly kept her word—pity only that she can remain for so short a time!

Every night she comes she tells me one thing or another which she has seen either that night or the night before. "Make a sketch," said she, on her first visit, "of what I tell thee, and thus thou shalt make a really beautiful picture-book!"

This I have done; and in this way I might give a new *Thousand and one Nights* in pictures: but that would be too much; those which I have given have not been selected, but are just as I heard them. A great, genial-hearted painter, a poet, or a musician, may make more of them if he will; that which I present is only a slight outline on paper, and mixed up with my own thoughts, because it was not every night that the moon came; there was now and then a cloud between us.

FIRST EVENING.

"Last night," these are the Moon's own words, "I glided through the clear air of India; I mirrored myself in the Ganges. My beams sought to penetrate the thick fence which the old plantains had woven, and which formed itself into an arch as firm as the shell of the tortoise. A Hindoo girl, light as a gazelle, beautiful as Eve, came forth from the thicket. There is scarcely anything so airy, and yet so affluent in the luxuriance of beauty, as the daughter of India. I could see her thoughts through her delicate skin. The thorny lianas tore her sandals from her feet, but she stepped rapidly forward; the wild beast which came from the river, where it had quenched its thirst, sprang

past her, for the girl held in her hand a burning lamp. I could see the fresh blood in her fingers as she curved them into a shade for the flame. She approached the river; placed the lamp on the stream; and the lamp sailed away. The flame flickered as if it would go out; but still it burned, and the girl's dark, flashing eyes followed it with her whole soul beaming from under her long silken eyelashes: she knew that if the lamp burned as long as she could see it, then her beloved was alive; but if it went out, then he was dead. The lamp burned and fluttered, and her heart burned and fluttered also; she sank on her knee and breathed a prayer: close beside her, in the grass, lay a water-snake, but she thought only of Brama and her beloved. 'He lives!' exclaimed she, rejoicingly, and the mountains repeated her words, 'he lives!'

SECOND EVENING.

"It was last evening," said the Moon, "that I peeped down into a yard inclosed by houses. A hen was there with eleven chickens; a little girl was playing around them; the hen set up a cackling cry; she was frightened, and spread out her wings over her eleven young ones. With that, out came the father of the child and scolded her." This evening (it is only a few minutes since), the moon looked down again into that yard. Everything was quite still; presently, however, out came the little girl, and stole very softly to the hen-house, lifted the latch, and crept in to the hen and the chickens. The hen and chickens set up a loud cry, and flew here and there, and the little girl ran after them. Again the father came out, and now he was very angry indeed, and scolded her, and pulled her out of the hen-house by her arm; she hung back her head, and there were large tears in her blue eyes.

"What wast thou doing here?" asked the father. She wept: "I only wanted," said she, "to kiss the hen, and ask her to forgive me for yesterday; but I did not dare to tell thee."

The father kissed the sweet innocent on her forehead; the moonlight fell lovingly upon her eyes and mouth.

THIRD EVENING.

"In a narrow street, just by," said the Moon, "which is so very confined that only just for one minute can my beams fall upon the walls of the houses—and yet at this moment I can look abroad and see the world as it moves—into this narrow street I looked and saw a woman. Sixteen years ago and she was a child; she lived away in the country, and played in the old pastor's garden. The hedges of roses had grown out of bounds for many years; they threw their wild untrimmed branches across the path, and sent up long, green shoots into the apple-trees; there was only a rose here and there, and they were not beautiful as the queen of flowers may be, although the color and the odor were there. The pastor's little daughter, however, was a much more beautiful rose; she sat upon her little wooden stool under the wild untrimmed hedge, and kissed her doll with the broken face.

"Ten years later I saw her again; I saw her in the splendid dancing-hall; she was the lovely bride of a rich tradesman, and I rejoiced in her good fortune. I visited her in the still evening. Alas! my rose had put forth also wild shoots like the roses in the pastor's garden! Every-day life has its tragedy—this evening I saw the last act. Sick to death, she lay in that narrow street, upon her bed. The wicked landlord, her only protector, a man rude and cold-hearted, drew back the curtain. 'Get up!' said he, 'thy cheeks are pale and hollow; paint thyself! Get money, or I will turn thee out into the streets! Get up quickly!'

"Death is at my heart!" said she, "oh! let me rest!" "He compelled her to rise; painted her cheeks, twined roses in her hair, placed her at the window, with a burning light beside her, and went his way. I glanced at her; she sat immovable; her hands fell upon her lap. The window blew open, so that one of the panes of glass was broken; but she moved not; the curtains of the window were blown around her like a flame. She was dead. From that open window the dead preached powerfully; my rose of the pastor's garden!"

FOURTH EVENING.

"I was last evening at a German play," said the Moon; "it was in a little city. The theatre was a stable; that is to say, the stalls were made use of and decorated for boxes, the old wood-work was covered over with figured paper. There hung from the low roof a little iron chandelier, and in order that it might rise the moment the prompter's bell rang (as is the custom in large theatres), it was now covered by a tub turned upside down. The bell rang, and the little iron chandelier made a leap of half an ell, and by that token people knew that the comedy had begun. A young prince and his wife, who were traveling through the town, were to be present at the performance, and therefore it was a very full house, excepting that under

the chandelier it was like a little crater. Not a single soul sat there; the chandelier kept dropping its oil—drop! drop! It was so hot in the little theatre that they were obliged to open all the holes in the walls to let in fresh air, and through all these peeped in lads and lasses from the outside, although the police sat by and drove them off with sticks.

"Close by the orchestra, people saw the young princely couple sitting in two old arm-chairs, which otherwise would have been occupied by the burgo-master and his lady; as it was, however, they sat upon wooden benches, like other towns-folks. 'Oae may see that there are falcons above falcons!' was Madame's silent observation; and after this all became more festal; the chandelier made a leap upwards, the people began counting on their fingers, and I—yes, the Moon—was present during the whole comedy."

FIFTH EVENING.

"Yesterday," said the Moon, "I looked down upon busy Paris. I gazed into the chambers of the Louvre. An old grandmother, wretchedly clad, and who belonged to the lower class, entered the large, empty throne-room, accompanied by one of the under servants of the palace. It had cost her many small sacrifices, and very much eloquence had she used before she could be admitted here. She folded her thin hands, and looked as reverentially around her as if she had been in a church.

"It was here!" she said, "here!" and she approached the throne, which was covered with a cloth of rich velvet trimmed with gold. 'There!' said she, 'there!' and she bowed her knee and kissed the crimson velvet—I think she wept.

"It was not that velvet," said the attendant, while a smile played round his mouth.

"But still it was here!" said the woman; "and it looked in this room just so!"

"Just so," replied he; "and yet it was not just so either: the windows were beaten out; the doors were torn off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor! You can say, however, for all that, that your son's son died upon the throne of France!"

"Died!" repeated the old woman.

"No more," said she; they left the hall; the shades of evening fell deeper, and the moonlight streamed in with twofold brightness on the rich velvet of the throne of France.

"I will tell thee a story. It was in the revolution of July, towards evening, on the most brilliant day of victory, when every house was a fortress, every window a redoubt, the people stormed the Tuilleries. Even women and children fought among the combatants; they thronged in through the chambers and halls of the palace. A poor, half-grown lad, in ragged clothing, fought desperately among the elder warriors; mortally wounded at length by the thrusts of many bayonets, he sank to the ground; this took place in the throne-room. They wrapped the velvet about his wounds; the blood streamed over the royal purple. It was a picture. The magnificent hall; the combatant groups; a banner on the floor; the tricolored flag floating above the bayonets; and upon the throne the poor lad, with his pale, glorified countenance, his eyes turned toward heaven; his limbs stiffening in death; his uncovered breast; his miserable garments, and around these the rich folds of the velvet, embroidered with silver life!"

"As that boy lay in the cradle, it had been foretold that he should lie on the throne of France! His mother's heart dreamed of a new Napoleon. The moonbeams kissed the garland of everlasting upon his grave; her beams this night kissed the old grandmother's forehead as she dreamed of this picture—the poor lad upon the throne of France!"

SIXTH EVENING.

"I have been in Upsala," said the Moon. She looked down upon the great castle, with the miserable grass of its ramped fields. She mirrored herself in the river Fy, whilst the steamboat drove the terrified reeds. Clouds careered along the sky, and cast long shadows over the graves, as they were called, of Odin, Thor, and Freya. Names are carved in the scanty turf upon the heights. Here there is no standing-stone in which the visitors can bewail their names; so walled fences on which they can paint them; they sit away, therefore, the turf, and the naked earth stands forth in the large letters of their names, which look like a huge net spread over the hill. An immortality which a fresh growth of turf destroys.

A man stood on the hill-top; he was a poet. He emptied a silver-rimmed mead-horn, and whispered a name, which he bade the wind not reveal; a count's coronet shone above it, and therefore he breathed it low—the moonbeams smiled upon him, for a poet's crown shone above his! The noble name of Eleonora d'Este is inscribed to Tasso's. I know where the rose of beauty passes—A cloud passed before the moon. May no cloud pass between the poet and his rose!

SEVENTH EVENING.

"Down by the seaside there extends a wood of oak and beeches, fresh and fragrant, and every branch is visited by hundreds of nightingales. Close beside is the sea, the eternally-moving sea; and between the sea and the wood runs the broad high-road. One carriage after another rolled past. I followed them not; my eye rested mostly on one spot where was a barrow, or old warrior's grave. Brambles and white thorns grew up from among the stones. There is the poetry of nature. Dost thou believe that this is felt by every one? Listen to what occurred there only last night.

"First of all, two rich countrymen drove past. 'There are some splendid trees there,' said one. 'There are ten loads of firewood in each,' replied the other. 'If the winter is severe, one should get forty rix-dollars in spring for the measure!' and they were gone.

"The road is abominable here," said another traveler. 'It is those cursed trees,' replied his neighbor; 'there is no circulation of air here, excepting from the sea;' and they advanced onward.

"At that moment the diligence came by. All were asleep at the most beautiful point; the driver blew his horn, but he only thought, 'I blow it capitably, and here it sounds well; what will they think of it?' And with that the diligence was gone.

"Next came by two young country-fellows on horseback. The champagne of youth circulated through their blood; a smile was on their lips as they looked towards the moss-grown height, and the dark bushes. 'I went there with Christine Miller,' said one to the other: and they were gone.

"The flowers sent forth their fragrance; every breeze slept; the sea looked like a portion of heaven spread out over a deep valley; a carriage drove along; there were six persons in it, four of whom were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer-coat which was so becoming to him; the sixth leaned forward to the driver, and asked if there was anything remarkable about that heap of stones; 'No,' said the fellow, 'it's only a heap of stones, but the trees there are remarkable!' 'Tell me about them,' said the other. 'Yes, they are very remarkable; you see, in winter, when the snow covers the ground, and everything, as it were, goes out in a twinkling, then those trees serve me as a landmark by which I can guide myself and not drive into the sea; they are, therefore, you see, very remarkable'—and by this time the carriage had passed the trees.

"A painter now came up; his eyes flashed; he said not a word, he whistled, and the nightingales sang, one louder than another; 'hold your tongues!' exclaimed he, and noted down with great accuracy the colors and tints of the trees; 'blue black, dark brown.' It would be a beautiful painting! He made a sketch, as hints for his intended picture, and all the time he whistled a march of Rossini's.

"The last who came by was a poor girl; she sat down to rest herself upon the old warrior's grave, and put her bundle beside her. Her lovely, pale face inclined itself towards the wood as she sat listening; her eyes flashed as she looked heavenward across the sea; her hands folded themselves, and she murmured the Lord's Prayer. She did not understand the emotions which penetrated her soul; but, nevertheless, in future years, this moment, in which she was surrounded by nature, will return to her much more beautifully, nay, will be fixed more faithfully in her memory, than on the tablets of the painter, though he noted down every shade of color. She went forward, and the moonbeams lighted her path, until daylight kissed her forehead!"

THE BLACKSMITH'S BOY.

Some years ago, says the Worcester Cataract, we were traveling through the interior of Pennsylvania; we had occasion to stop for the night at a small town. During the evening we went into a store, and whilst there our attention was attracted by a little boy whose clothes were begrimed with soot and coal from working in a blacksmith's shop (for he was a blacksmith's apprentice). He brought to a merchant a small hammer which he had made out of pieces of iron given him by his master. Said he, "Sir, will you be so kind as to give me a spelling-book for this hammer? I want to read, and I have not got the money to buy a book." The merchant was so pleased that he gave him the book, and allowed him to keep the hammer too.

If this boy does not become a governor, or a member of congress, it may be considered certain he will be an ornament to society, and may contribute largely to the benefit of the working classes, by the influence of his example.

HOURS OF LABOR IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The human frame with its delicate machinery is more worn and broken by too many hours labor, than by hard labor itself. The human constitution can accommodate itself to immense muscular effort, if it is, itself, accommodated with suitable food, air and rest. It is the long hours of weary standing or sitting in the bad air of the factories, which destroy and slowly undermine the human constitution, and produce premature debility, and finally death. There is no way in which the horrors of the English manufacturing districts can be avoided in our country, but by diminishing the hours of labor. We still adhere to our oft repeated opinion, that it is the duty of our Legislature to limit our manufacturing establishments to ten hours work per day for their employees.

It may be said they cannot compete with other manufacturing establishments in this country and the old world. This is a mistake. If they wish their water, or steam power and machinery, to be steadily employed, they can do as Glass factories do, have sets of help night and day—say three sets working eight hours each; thus all their power would be saved, and none of the help over-worked.

Say what we may, of our highly prosperous manufacturing, we are tending to the European state of things. Thousands of the beautiful and fair go to the grave, or lose their health in our factories, by working too many hours. True, Lowell doctors may tell the world their city and mills are healthy and that their bills of mortality are small. All this is illusion. *Ninety-nine* of the persons who sicken or die from the bad air, and over-working in that city and the factory villages, go home to die, or try to get well, of which no record is kept. The rolls of the mills simply say discharged, or on a visit at home.

Summer before last, in a little town in the interior of New Hampshire, of about five to six hundred inhabitants, six girls from Nashua went home and died, all from general prostration and disease, brought on by the over-working and vile air of those large factories where worse than English tyranny is sometimes practised. As a sample, on a time, the overseer of a weaving room in Nashua Corporation, during the hot weather of August, found that some girl had thrown yarn, entangled on some spools, out of the window. Not knowing who did it, notwithstanding the terrible heat and suffocatingly bad air, he punished the innocent with the guilty, by having all the windows closed. Such a course must destroy the best constitution, as any one would necessarily conclude, when it is known that forty, sixty, and often one hundred girls are employed in one room. We wish to be conservative—we are charged with being too much so, but we pray our Legislature to correct these evils, at least partially.

The effect of over-working is well described in the appended article by the Boston Traveler's English correspondent. Though it hails from Old England, our system of too many hours work, is rapidly hastening us to an equally miserable state of things. Let all read it.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

LONDON, December, 1846

I had closed my December parcel of letters for the Traveler, when a friend directed my attention to a long report of a large meeting held at Leeds on the subject of the factory system and the 'Ten Hours' bill. That report is so important, embodying as it does the most frightful facts respecting the cruelties suffered by the factory operatives of England, that I have reopened my despatches to enclose another short letter.

I have already in another letter referred to two cases of death from starvation, and also to the condition of factory children. Facts have lately been brought to light by such men as the Ashleys, Oastlers and Fevrand, that have astonished the public, and meetings are being held in all the great manufacturing towns to promote the success of a 'Ten Hours' Bill, as the only immediate relief, even if partial, of the operative.

At the recent large meeting at Leeds, Ostler made a powerful and thrillingly eloquent speech. He referred in glowing terms to the sad condition of the mother and her infant, when the former was forced to go

to the factory. After stating the amount of misery she had to endure at home, he said emphatically, 'the mother shall no longer be forced to do more than an able-bodied man. The mothers!—he shuddered whilst he thought of it, but he had seen what he was about to describe—the mothers of England, in a Christian country, by hundreds and thousands, are forced in the morning to leave their sucking infants in their cradles, dosed by Godfrey's Cordial to keep them fast asleep till they returned at noon to suckle them, when another dose of that slow poison was administered to make them sleep till night! (Loud cries of 'Shame, shame!') If any one disputed, and would accompany him, he would point out to him hundreds of such cases. That was not all. He had seen the mothers in the mills—their breasts boiling over with milk—that milk oozing from the naked bosom, and mingling with the sweat, dropping from the mothers' breasts upon the factory floor! Where was the man who had a wife or a daughter; he asked him not if he was civilised—he only asked him, if he had the nature of man in him; where was he that would oppose him, when he only wished to reduce that woman's labor two hours out of the twelve?' Is not such a statement enough to force tears of blood out of a pirate's eyes? Will such a statement be believed in the nineteenth century? Every word is a living fact, that will live till the day of judgment, to England's disgrace.

Mr. Fevrand followed Mr. Oastler, and referred to the system of kidnapping orphan children! He read extracts from speeches made in Parliament by Sir R. Peel's father, in which it was acknowledged that he at one time employed one thousand kidnapped orphans in his factories! Sir Robert Peel is now enjoying the money which these poor children earned for his father! Mr. Fevrand, in an energetic and eloquent speech, went into the particulars of this kidnapping system. I can find room for only an extract. He said that 'the factory system was nursed into its present mighty power by kidnapping the orphan children through the whole of England; and so eager were the master manufacturers in the competition to obtain them, that they literally consented to take one idiot in the score! (Groans.) The poor children were bought by the manufacturers and sold by the overseers of the various parishes throughout England! This was not his assertion; he would give them the authority of members of Parliament at the time. On the 3rd of April, 1816, Mr. R. Gordon made the following statement in the House of Commons:

'It appears that overseers of parishes in London are in the habit of contracting with the manufacturers of the north for the disposal of their children; and these manufacturers agree to take one idiot for every 19 sane children. In this manner wagon loads of these little creatures are sent down to be at the perfect disposal of their new masters.'

Mr. Fevrand concluded his powerful and eloquent speech by appealing to his large and respectable audience in the following terms: 'Could the opponents of the 'Ten Hours' Bill induce a single medical man of any standing in his profession to appear on that or any other platform, and declare that the present factory system was not a system of murder—that it was not destructive to human life—that it was not a disgrace to a Christian country—and that the population was not year by year becoming more contaminated with disease, and more deeply sinking in misery?'

The poet too, has come forward in behalf of the poor factory children. The poet has taken his lyre and struck heavenly music for these orphans.

I mentioned in a former letter an affecting incident respecting the sudden death of a factory child. At the recent meeting at Leeds, Fevrand read the following exquisitely beautiful and deeply affecting lines from the pen of Mr. Sadler; they vividly illustrate the painful incident which I briefly referred to. Although they will occupy considerable space, yet their peculiar interest demands an extra effort on your part to give them a prominent place that they may be engraved on the heart's tablet of every reader of your journal.

THE FACTORY CHILD.

'Twas on a winter's morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawning
The father roused his child:
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, 'the bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste!'

'Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary—
Oh, carry me once more!
To help us we've no mother,
And you have no employ;

They kill'd my little brother,—
Like him I'll work and die!'

Her wasted form seemed nothing—
The load was at his heart;
The sufferer he kept soothing
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept!

Alas! what hours of horror
Made up her latest day!
In toil, and pain, and sorrow,
They slowly pass'd away,
It seem'd, as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftner broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length a little neighbor
Her halfpenny she paid,
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rush'd;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirit's flushed,
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more,
Till, by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

All night with tortured feeling,
He watched his speechless child;
While, close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried,
When, from her straw-bed, springing,
'Tis time!' she shrieked, and died!

'That night a chariot pass'd her,
While on the ground she lay,
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay:
Their tender hearts were sighing
As negro wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying
Who gain'd their father's gold!'

It is needless to add a word to this poem. It embodies the history of thousands of poor, emaciated, dying orphans!

A NEW ENGLANDER.

HEATING ROOMS.

There is a great deal of science in the heating of rooms; and in Philadelphia, where in almost every house anthracite coal is used, it is a matter of much importance that a knowledge of the proper mode should be widely extended. On this point the following extract from a scientific journal contains some hints which may be useful:

'Rooms heated with anthracite coal, and rooms heated with close stoves in which wood is burnt, have very dry atmospheres. The use of water in such rooms is very congenial to health, but the water should not be placed in an iron or tin vessel upon the stove, for the reason that it will undergo that degree of heat which will make its vapors offensive and injurious to breathe. It is as injurious to the human system to breathe the putrid water vapors of this kind as it is to breathe the vapors from stagnant ponds in hot weather. If water is used upon a stove an iron pan should be made use of, and this filled with dry sand, in the sand set an earthen bowl filled with clean water, which should be changed twice a day, and the bowl washed and kept as clean as if used for a drinking vessel. Where hard coal is burned in a grate, a glass globe suspended in the room, filled with clean pure water, and as the heated air rises to the top of the room it will steadily evaporate the water and moisten the dry and heated air. Persons who prefer the atmosphere of salt water vapor, can add salt to the water, or if they prefer an aromatic atmosphere, they can add Cologne water, or any other perfume which they prefer. It is as important to have clean air for breathing as to have clean water for drinking. Basement rooms, where hard coal is burnt, should be frequently ventilated. Small children accustomed to stay in basement rooms, find a bad air near the floor. This air should be removed by allowing the doors to be opened frequently to let in fresh air. A little care in these matters, will tend wonderfully to comfort and enjoyment.'

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1846.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Our present number, dear reader, will come to your home, your fireside, and your workshops, while they are irradiated by the smiles, the blessings, and the hopes of another new year. The warm wishes that it may be a happy one, are greeting you on every side. Allow us to repeat them, and add our warm and heartfelt wishes for your welfare. Yet, with the warm and glowing wish, let us whisper a few words of friendly admonition. The New Year now stands before you in all its youth and freshness, and by its side stands Hope, in all its beauty and loveliness, trying to pry behind the veil of the mysterious future; but no hand can remove that mantle, save the hand of Time. Yet from the hand of that tireless traveler, thou shalt receive thy full share of misery, happiness, joy or pain: And the gift he has for thee, shall be good or evil, as thine own heart and actions shall dictate. If, with an envious and distrustful heart thou journeyest on, thy gifts shall be pain, sorrow and remorse; if thou treadest on with a serene spirit, and honest, faithful heart, then shall thy gifts be gladness, and hope, fresh from the abundant treasury of the great Master-workman above, and when time shall lift high the veil of mystery, the angel of eternity shall bestow upon thee his benediction.

And now a few words about *self*, and then we have done: In our introductory we made a few promises—how far we have fulfilled them we leave our readers to judge. 'Tis true we have had some things to contend against, and among them may be enumerated the difficulty of establishing a new paper. Many look with distrust upon every new enterprise of the kind, and predict all sorts of evils;—they are afraid to subscribe, for fear the work will, after a brief existence, go down, and they be robbed of their money; but this we feel assured will not be the case with our paper; the subscription list is steadily and rapidly increasing, and we now number upon our lists the names of upwards of 600 mechanics, good and true; this is well, for it is only four weeks since we issued our first number. We now call upon our friends to sustain us in our enterprise as they have just began, and we will give them a work not surpassed by any other of double the price of ours. It will now be an excellent opportunity to invite your friends to subscribe; let each one of our present subscribers send us the name of a friend, and our list will then be doubled, and it would prove to us a most acceptable NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

And now, friends, BROTHERS, Mechanics and laboring men of every calling, we wish you in all sincerity a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"TURN OVER A NEW LEAF."

There are periods in the lives of all men, when the mind seems drawn, as by an invisible chain, to take a retrospect of the past; to look away down the path of life that they have trodden, and scan carefully and with interest every step they have taken. Then memory is busy with times and scenes that have been forgotten in the turmoil and carking cares of this toiling world—this amazing Pilgrimage of Mortality, the opposite extremes of which are the Cradle and the Grave, the swaddling clothes and the shroud. Then every good and every bad step; every hasty and every well-considered step, stands out in bold relief, and marches slowly along in grand review, as if challenging the closest scrutiny.

We seldom rise from such a retrospective view of the past, without inwardly resolving, in the language of familiar allegory, to 'turn over a new leaf,' and henceforth to so live and act, as to retrieve the errors

and steer clear of the dangers made known by the experience of our former lives.

Well, Experience is a good teacher. All her lessons are practical and useful. We cannot do better than to listen to her counsel and follow her advice. Now the very best time for 'turning over a new leaf,' seems to us to be the commencement of a New Year. It is the opening of a new era in the history of the world and humanity. Standing then upon the threshold of eighteen hundred and forty-seven, let us resolve henceforth to reform all old abuses that may have crept in upon us, and with the experience of the past ringing its great lessons of wisdom in our ears, strengthen our hearts with our good resolves, and take the first steps forward with the year that has just commenced, feeling that our feet are planted firmly on good ground and are directed in the right path. We will not venture so far as to presume to *teach* our friends, or even *advise*, as to the proper course for them to adopt in this matter. It is not our prerogative to dictate to them how they should order their steps, and we would not dare to exercise it, if it did belong to us. We may only call their attention to the subject; just simply direct the hands of those with whom we esteem it a great privilege to hold weekly communion, to a timely investigation of the matter at this most appropriate time; and then leave it all to their calm thought and better judgment for final decision and decisive action.

We feel confident that if our readers take the hint, and 'turn over a new leaf,' with the opening of the New Year, that they will live to rejoice that they did so, and have reason ever after to remember with pleasure Eighteen Hundred and Forty-seven.

CHEMISTRY.

That a knowledge of the sciences would render manufacturers, mechanics, and laborers, far more skillful in their respective callings, no one at this day, we presume, will deny. How important it is, then, that a knowledge of the science or sciences governing any particular branch of industry, should be well understood by those who purpose to earn their bread by such particular calling; for instance: In the arts of *Dyeing* and *Calico Printing*, every process is conducted on the principles of chemistry. Not a color can be imparted, not in consequence of the affinity which subsists between the cloth and the dye—or the dye and the mordant employed as a bond of union between them; and the colors will be liable to vary, unless the artist takes into account the changes which take place in them by the absorption of oxygen; a knowledge of which, and of the different degrees of oxidization which the several dyes undergo, requires a considerable portion of chemical skill; and such knowledge is absolutely necessary, to enable either the dyer or the calico printer to produce in all cases permanent colors of the shade he intends. To chemistry, too, they must be indebted for the knowledge they may acquire of the nature of the articles they use in their several processes for the artificial production of their most valuable mordants,—and for some of the most brilliant and beautiful colors. As an evidence of this, it is sufficient to state, that to produce such colors as an olive ground and yellow figures, a scarlet pattern on a black ground, or a brown with orange figures, formerly requiring a period of many weeks; but by means of chemical preparations the whole of this work may now be done in a few days, and patterns more delicate than ever produced, with a degree of certainty of which former manufacturers could have no idea; and all this is effected by dyeing the cloth at once, and afterwards merely printing the pattern with a chemical preparation, which discharges a part of the original dye, and leaves a new color in its stead.

The art of BLEACHING has likewise received so many important improvements from chemical science, that no one is now capable of conducting its processes

to advantage, who is ignorant of the scientific principles on which the present practice of that art is founded. Till about the close of the eighteenth century, the old process of bleaching continued in practice. But about that period the introduction of oxymuriatic acid, combined with alkalies, lime and other ingredients, in bleaching cottons and linens, has given an entirely new turn to every part of the process, so that the process which formerly required several months, can now be accomplished in a few days, and with a degree of perfection that in those days was never dreamed of. Even in a few hours, that which formerly required a whole summer can now be effected, and that, too, merely by the action of an almost invisible agent. As the whole process of bleaching, as now practised, consists almost entirely of chemical agents and operations, every person employed in this art, ought to possess a certain portion of chemical knowledge, otherwise many of its processes would run the risk of being deranged, and the texture of the materials undergoing the process be injured or destroyed.

We would, therefore, advise all who are engaged in any of the avocations of life requiring a knowledge of the sciences governing their various trades, to make themselves thoroughly familiar with them. And not only those with which they are more intimately connected, but with *all* the sciences. This can easily be done by the judicious expenditure of a few dollars in good works, and an hour's study each day. Mechanics, you have some glorious examples of the power of knowledge. Have you not more than one in the shop or factory in which you work? Does not knowledge command even there the respect and confidence not only of your fellow workmen, but of the employer himself? Who commands the highest rates of wages? Who commands the places of trust? The man of knowledge! Thus you will perceive that the money invested in acquiring information will soon be returned ten fold. We shall speak again on this subject, and trust that our fellow-laborers will not be backward in giving, through the columns of the *Advocate*, their ideas on a matter of such deep importance.

LAST NOTICE.

We have, time and again, called upon our delinquent subscribers to the *Mechanics' Mirror*, to pay us what they justly owe, on their subscriptions for the first Vol. of that work; we have now concluded to publish the names of those indebted, so that they can have no longer the excuse of saying they had forgotten it. As soon as it can be prepared, we shall give it to the public, so that others may not run the risk of being wronged as we have been. There are many, very many, of those who are indebted, who would perhaps 'pay up,' could they be seen, and spoken to on the subject; but as our accounts are scattered all over the States, it is impossible to call personally upon all. Brother Mechanics, we call upon you in all earnestness to pay us what is due; the amount to you is but \$1, to us it is many. Remittances by mail must be directed to JOHN TANNER, Albany, N. Y. Those indebted to us in this city will be called upon *once* by our collector previous to their names being made public.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of 37 new subscribers from Utica, 31 from Schenectady, 21 from Little Falls, and about 50 more from the different parts of Oneida county. We have also received two more lists from Canandaigua. Go ahead, friends, we have room for a "few more of the same sort," and the price only ONE DOLLAR.

Mr. WILLIAM TANNER is authorized to receive subscriptions at Paris Furnace, Oneida Co.

Our thanks are due to Mr. STIRLING, of Quaker street, for a fine fat turkey, upon which we feasted on Christmas. Also, to Mr. ADAMS, of Bern, for a bag of delicious apples. Who wouldn't be an Editor?

PICTURE BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.—We commence this week the publication of those beautifully written little stories. If they interest our readers half as much as they have us, we shall at least be satisfied with our selection.

WINCHELL, the funniest man in all creation, is in town, and on New Year's night will give our citizens an opportunity to "laugh and grow fat," to their heart's content. He will hold forth at Stanwix Hall, in an entire new series of entertainments. See adv.

Answer to query in No. 2.—"What is the least number which, divided by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, will leave a remainder of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9?" Ans.: 2,519.

Next number—3627008279.

Extraordinary Improvement in Woolen Manufacturing.—Chase's Patent Card Spinner places a covering of wool over a cotton thread by a very simple and economical process—the usual machinery requiring very slight alteration. Blankets, carpets, druggets, negro cloths, skirts, hose, upholstery, &c., are thus rendered very much cheaper and more durable, the elasticity of the cotton protecting the wool from wear. Experiment shows that these fabrics are not affected by shrinking when washed, and that the drying process is more rapid than with wool alone. A large association has been formed in Providence, R. I., to manufacture these new fabrics. For carpets and blankets this invention is so peculiarly adapted that it will effect a complete revolution in those branches of industry, and place our fabrics in all the markets of the world. It is expected that further improvements now being made in this invention will permit its application to satinets, and perhaps the finer cloths.

The attention of all persons interested in woolen goods should be directed to the most important changes that this novel invention is expected to produce.

Robbery.—The jewelry establishment of Mr. Wm. E. Haskins, of Fitchburg, was broken open on Friday night of last week, and watches and jewelry, &c., to the value of several hundred dollars taken. The entrance was effected through the cellar. Two persons were arrested in Fitchburg on Saturday morning on suspicion, but for want of sufficient evidence were discharged.

Death of Thomas Gough.—We are called to announce the death of another old, extensively known and much esteemed citizen. Thomas Gough expired, after an illness of but a few days, on Thursday night. Mr. Gough was born in the Parish of Kilcass, county of Tipperary, Ireland, but had resided for 40 years in this city. He was, in 1812, a member of the household of the late Gov. Tompkins, by whom he was greatly respected, as he was indeed by all who knew him. Mr. Gough was a man of kind nature and generous sympathies. He gave freely of his time and his means to the promotion of philanthropic and charitable enterprises. As a husband, father and friend, his examples of affection and fidelity were most worthy of imitation.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

Destructive Fire.—Last evening a fire broke out in the building on the south-east corner of South Broadway and Rensselaer sts, which for several years has been occupied as a morocco leather factory. The building was owned, we believe, by S. S. Fowler, Esq. and was in the occupation of Messrs. Guest & Laney. It was entirely consumed, and with it, we were told, a large stock ready for manufacturing, and a quantity of cochineal, sumac, &c. A large stock of sheepskins had been stored there during the winter, in which Mr. John Wilson had an interest. This species of property suffered much damage by the water, and the hasty removal necessary for its preservation. We understand that the property in the building was insured; but that the building was not. The occupants of the houses in the immediate neighborhood of the fire sustained considerable injury in the removal of their effects.—*Alb. Argus, Monday.*

A Chemical Curiosity.—Into a vial containing a small quantity of sulphuret of iron, pour a little diluted sulphuric acid. Sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas extremely fetid and disagreeable, will be immediately produced; though the ingredients here employed were destitute of smell.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCIPLE OF PEACE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In no particular have we flattered ourselves of late years with the idea of a steady and thinking progress towards wise and Christian principles, so much as in that of an advance towards right notions on the subject of peace and war. During the long and unusual period of thirty years of European tranquillity, we have had leisure to see and to satisfy ourselves, that war is not only barbarous and most unchristian, but is just the most foolish affair in which we can involve ourselves. As merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists, we have been shrewd enough to perceive that it is peace that is our game, if war be the game of kings and governments. Trade has wonderfully extended; social reforms have been beautifully introduced, and first and foremost that of the post-office; railroads have been laid down all over Europe, and people have scattered themselves through each other's countries, seeing and enjoying, instead of seeing and destroying. In every result of industry and pleasure we have been the gainers. We have neither piled up heaps of dead men on the plains of the continent, nor of national debt at home. We have not exasperated ourselves against each other, but have sate English and French, Germans and French, Italians and French, in fact, all people of all European nations hobnobbing together, some selling silks, some selling broad-cloth, and some selling wines. There have been fewer swords but more pudding-knives, fewer muskets but more muslins sold. How much wiser! What thousands of us, amid the mountains and vineyards, and in the city-halls of the continent, have felt our hearts glow with cordial regard for the hearts that so kindly beat towards us; have grasped the hands that were extended towards us in the warmest of welcomes; have sate rejoicing amid the smiles of amiable faces that had war been going instead of peace, would all have been dead masses of corruption, buried in festering heaps on solitary plains, where men, calling themselves civilized, had risen in a rabid fury against each other, that would be a libel on demons to call demoniac.

Such thoughts as these, we are sure, have visited almost every one who has set his foot, of late years, on the soil of what we used to call the land of our natural enemies. They have gone on softening, instructing, harmonizing us; and we have seen, on all hands, cheering evidences that the world was at length coming to its senses. In the works of popular authors, in the speeches of members of Parliament, in the tone and acts of Government, there has been a plain and positive determination towards the establishment of the sentiment as a national sentiment, that war was not merely folly, it was wickedness; and that peace was at once profitable and praiseworthy.

But when the public tendency of things jumps with our private feelings and connections, we are apt in our delight to outleap the actual progress of facts; and we must confess, that events of late have given us a startling shock as it regards the actual advance of this very principle of peace, or rather of the actual decline of the old bull-dog spirit of contention. The war on the Suttlej, and the reception of the news of its results in England, have given us a solemn pause, and reawaken a host of anxious feelings. It is not that we are inclined to underrate the skill and valor of our generals, or the adamant bravery of our men, one whit more than the most vociferous applauders of victorious war. It is not now for the first time that we have to learn or acknowledge that Englishmen, of whatever rank or station, are men of the highest rank in the lists of humanity. That they possess every species of talent, fortitude, and dauntless courage which can inhabit the human breast, and which in peace, in war, in any case or situation where they can be demanded, will give them the mastery over their fellow-men. We know all this; we need not be told of it; but we know too that these virtues are the more God-like as they are employed on works of peace, and not on bloodshed, on cementing and not dividing, on blessing and not on destroying, mankind. Is Lord Hardinge, or Lord Gough—are the thousands of officers and privates who advanced against the murderous cannon of the Sikhs against inevitable death—are these men now to be acknowledged to be admirably brave? We knew it before; we could have predicted it, as has been well said by a lady writer already in this *Journal*, of any number of Englishmen placed in the same circumstances. We are not, therefore, going to rob them of one grain of credit for their valor: if you call them valiant, we call them valiant too; if you protest that they are most invincible warriors, we protest it too; if you insist vehemently that they possess the highest moral qualities, we insist on it as vehemently, but we should be far better pleased to see those qualities exercised on peaceful improvements, and the heroism of social progress, than on the old bad business of destruction.

It is said, on all hands, that this war is absolutely just and inevitable; that we have been in no way the aggressors or provokers. It will be a great satisfaction if it prove so; but it must be confessed that it is a little early to pronounce positively on this head, amidst the tumult of victory, and the hurry of success. What makes it at least suspicious is, that the same has been said of all and every war in which we have been engaged in any quarter of the world. The phrase has ever been the same—"this necessary and righteous war!" Subsequent calm investigation has generally shown every such war to have been unnecessary and unrighteous, and our history in India has been a sad sequence of aggression and usurpation. At the very least, this shout of applause at home; this thunder of rejoicing can on; these acclamations of Parliament; this sudden elevation of commanders into lords; must be confessed to be dreadful incentives to fresh bloodshed. With peace in Europe, and a large army in India whose officers want promotion, will their affairs long rest without a fresh plausible ground for a campaign which is to turn lieutenants into captains, captains into generals, and generals into lords? When they see that on the very heels of those Indian victories Lord Gough remits 70,000*l.* thence, for the purchase of an estate in Ireland; will not lordships and estates, suddenly plucked from the plunder of the enemy, soon raise fresh enemies to plunder? Let the friends of peace and the principles of peace look to this.

That is the dark side, let us now turn to the bright one. The outbreak in India has shown us that there is a huge mass of the old leaven in the public mind to be watched and guarded against; but the affair of Oregon has shown, as clearly, that we are still advancing on the right way; that we have advanced and taken a firm stand on principles, and on a philosophy more honest and beautiful than the world ever yet as a world allowed. In no case of national trouble did the English government ever maintain a conduct so noble and so entirely to the satisfaction of the nation. They have borne patiently, but like firm and wise men, some hectoring conduct on the part of the American ministry. What would some years ago have thrown any ministry into a perfect flame, has only called forth fresh evidences of patience, candor, and a sincere desire to negotiate like men, and not fight like savages. This is most cheering, and not the less cheering has been the spirit of the people on both sides of the ocean. There has been a considerable war-party in America, and much sound and fury, but it has been evident that that was not the voice of the people at large. On the contrary, and this is the most animating point of consciousness at which we have arrived, the people in both countries have displayed the most earnest and admirable desire for the preservation of peace. Common interests and common sense have, it is true, swayed them in no trifling degree, and we rejoice that these every-day motives have obtained such ascendancy, but the higher and more cementing influences, Christian fellowship and duty, have been not the less conspicuous. Proudest and most cheering sight of all has been to see THE PEOPLE, the general mass, may the very working classes, taking the lead in the demand for peace and union. The world once come to this pitch that the common people take the lead in the preservation of the common weal, and the great cause is gained. When they who have always been, hitherto, the food of war, refuse to be flung into its mouth like faggots into an oven, war must perish of inanition. When they who have been hitherto taken unceremoniously by the necks, and pushed nose to nose into other people's quarrels, refuse to be made mere curs of, and worry one another for their masters' amusement, there will be no quarrels. And that time is come to a certain degree. Between what are called Christian nations the matter is settled. The people declare against murder *en masse*, and statesmen will take care not to lag behind and show their weakness.

There is no document which we have perused for a long time with the pleasure that we did an address on this very subject, from the Chartists of England to the working men of America. It was drawn up with a soundness of sentiment and a display of ability which would have done honor to the highest assembly of men in this or any other country. On the other hand, the working men of America, with the learned blacksmith at their head, have responded heart and soul to the fraternal appeal. That eminent man, Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith, has been busy scattering what he calls his "olive leaves" all over the United States; he has cast rolls of them even upon the Atlantic, which have floated safely to our shores. In an eloquent letter to the friends of peace in Manchester, he says:

"We must preach to all nations, languages, and tongues, these two articles of political faith—first, 'at there is one only living and true God; and secondly, one only living and true people. That the one is,

rivers, or mountains which divide them are mere chalk marks, leaving them still identified by all the interests that affect humanity. It seems to me if we could promulgate this idea of a continuous democracy, of an undivided people, of a universal brotherhood, it would arouse a popular sentiment against every indication of war, against every attitude of international hostility, assumed in military preparations, or in belligerent restrictions on international commerce and communion. I hope most devoutly that this idea may be realized, at least by the people of our two countries; that they will begin to aggregate the war-expenses of both nations, and not estimate them singly, as heretofore. Thus, when speaking of the military policy of the two governments, every hard-laboring man shall say, 'Our governments expend annually 100,000,000 dollars as mere preparations for war. We (America and Britain) export to the rest of the world nearly 200,000,000 dollars' worth of produce, leaving 100,000,000 dollars as a balance, after deducting our war-expenses. But the British national debt, for past wars, is nearly 150,000,000,000 dollars: so that, in fact, we, the people on both sides the Atlantic, pay fifty millions per annum more for the expenses of past and prospective wars, than the gross amount of all we can sell to the rest of the world!' If we can thus habituate the popular mind, on both sides of the water, to consider these vast expenditures as a common tax on the people, imposed as it is virtually by all governments, and mostly for the purpose of inciting and arming them for a civil, fratricidal war, the monstrous system will begin to totter to its fall, and commerce and fraternal intercourse escape from the hostile bars of iron restriction, and be free as the winds. What better work can we put our hands to than such a humane enterprise?"

What, indeed! Strike away, honest son of Vulcan; beat into the universal mind, these great truths, and weld our public opinion into one great chain of invincible union!

We owe great thanks and praise to those public-spirited men in Manchester who have united so zealously to promote this good understanding between the people of the two great kindred countries, and have called forth such mutually strengthening expressions from them. In a paper issued by them, headed *THE INTERNATIONAL CALUMET*, we find letters, all breathing this quiet spirit of Heaven—"Peace on earth and good will towards men!" have been sent from Manchester, Boston, Huddersfield, Plymouth, Bristol, Bury, Southampton, Exeter, Edinburgh, Leeds, Rochester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to various cities in America; and from the National Workingmen's Association in Holborn to the working men of America; and we find equally cordial responses from various parts of the United States, especially from New York and New England.

Success to this true family intercourse! We are now got on the right track. Let us go on asking, on all talk of war, what are we to get by it? Is it more death? more impediment to trade? more destruction of men? These are all that is got by war. If we want more prosperity, more commerce, more human happiness, more advance of science, social improvement, literature, and religion, these we must get from peace. But then war is sometimes necessary to our honor. When? The greatest honor is to show that we can triumph over all international difficulties by intellect, though we never can by blows; and that the safest and surest remedy of all international evils, is not by the old barbarous maxim of to "kill or cure," but to cure without killing.

While this is going through the press, we rejoice to learn, by the following extract from one of his letters, that Elihu Burritt is on his way to England:

"For some time past, the idea has been running in our mind, that a voyage to England and a short visit in that country would much benefit our outward man. We have been much confined during the last two or three years, and thus deprived of the physical exercise which our earliest habits have rendered constitutionally necessary to our health. We have thought, therefore, of this plan, which we would now submit to the committee of the whole list of our readers and friends. About the first of June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day—

"With a pocket for my wheat, and a pocket for my rye, And a jug of water by my side, to drink when I am dry."

Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into barn-yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people, once in a while into a blacksmith's shop to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c., and

of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the *Kens* of the country, and confine our walks to the lowlands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the laboring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them, some moonlight night, and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might hear and see some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country, on the railroad, at the rate of thirty miles an hour."

Here is a practical "hint to working classes," which we trust they will heed well:

"If a man twenty-one years of age save one dollar per week, and put it to interest every year, he will have, at thirty-one years of age, \$650; at forty-two years of age, \$1,600; at sixty years of age, \$6,150; at seventy-one, \$16,000."

NEW-YORK MARKETS.

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1846.

Flour and Meal.—The market was not active to-day, and prices were rather heavy. The sales did not exceed 3,000 or 4,000 bbls, about one half for shipment. The range was \$5 62 1-2 the latter for lots with privilege of storage, &c. For the East the demand is limited. The inquiry for Meal continues, and about 1,000 bbls Jersey sold at \$3 67 1-2 1-4.

Grain.—Sales 2,000 bu Genesee Wheat for shipment on private terms. Corn the supplies are moderate, and shipping parcels are firm. 10,000 bu prime new Southern in store and lots for export, and 6,000 or 8,000 do new Northern and Southern at 72 1/2 cts. Rye is 84 1-2 a 55 cts, with sales 2,000 bu. Sales 300 bu Barley for shipment at 75 cts. Oats are steady at 40 a 41 cts for Canal, with sales 8,000 bu.

Bricks.—Hard North River are in better supply, and prices are less steady, the market being rather unsettled: some have been sold as low as \$3 50, but \$4 is the more general price, while in some instances 4 50, cash, is demanded.

Shells.—Pots sold at \$4 69, which is 61 better. Pearls are \$5 50, with fair demand. The transactions were moderate.

Cotton.—Since the receipt of the Cambria's accounts the market for this staple has become very active, and the operations of the day are estimated at 7,000 bales, a large portion of which has been taken by exporters for England; prices have been somewhat irregular, though the market this evening closes firmly at an advance fully half a cent on the rates current yesterday morning. A considerable amount of cotton in square bales has been engaged for Liverpool at 3-8d per lb for square, and ship owners now demand 7-16d.

Corn.—Foreign in fair supply; 150 tons Liverpool Orrel sold on terms not learned; the last sale previously was at \$7 50, 10 mos.

Coffee.—The market continues very firm, and prices of Brazil have experienced some further improvement. The sales include 500 bags Brazil at 7 1-2 a 7 3-4c; 500 Sumatra 7 1-2; 850 Green and White Java, 8 1-2 a 9 1-2; and 100 old White Maracaibo, 9-4 mos.

Fish.—There has been nothing done in Dry Cod. Mackerel are firm; 400 bbls have changed hands at \$3 50 for No. 1, and \$5 50 for No. 2, and \$4 25 for No. 3. About 400 bbls Gibbed Herring sold at \$3; and some scaled, &c.

Fruit.—The stock of Malaga Raisins having increased, the market is dull, the sales in small lots reaching but 1,000 boxes Burgundy at \$1 45 a 50; 1,500 half do. 80 cts; and 1,500 quarter do 45; 2,000 drums Turkey Figs, 8, less 3 per cent cash; 4,500 bushels N. C. Peanuts, \$1 15 3-4 a \$1 20 cash.

Hemp.—The sales include 212 bales superior dressed American at \$150; 75 do fair, \$120 a 130; 150 dew-rotted, \$110; and a small lot Italian, \$210.

Hides.—Sales 7,100 Rio Grande, 22 1-2 lb at 11c, 6 months.

Iron.—The market is generally quiet. Scotch pig may be quoted at \$31 50 a \$32 50, 6 mos, for best brands, with occasional sales: to arrive, several invoices sold at lower rates.

Molasses.—New Orleans has farther advanced 1a 2c, with sales of 300 bbls at 34 a 35 cts, the latter price for immediate delivery; 3a 40 do 33c; and 140 do New Iberia, 35, both to arrive; 50 bbls Trinidad Cuba sold at 25c, 4 mos.

Naval Stores.—No sales of turpentine for export have been made for several weeks past. The market for spirits turpentine recently, has been rather unsettled: sales of 150 casks for export at 45c; and in lots as wanted at 45 a 46 both cash.

Oils.—American Lined remains very dull, with small sales at 50 cash. Crude sperm has farther advanced, 50 a 51 cts, bbls here having changed hands, part if not all, at \$102 1-2; manufactured is very firm at our quotations.

Rice.—The entire sales of the week amount to about 500 tes, at \$3 62 1-2 a \$4 25, cash, embracing all descriptions, from fair broken to the best on hand.

Sugars.—There has continued a fair demand, and prices of White Havana, the stock of which is now much reduced, are a little higher; while, on the contrary, those of New Orleans are rather lower—of both these, a portion of the sales has been to go out of the market; they include 300 bbls New Orleans at 7a 8 3-8 cts; 50 Porto Rico, 8; 200 bxs Brown Havana, 7 a 7 1-2; and 1,600 White do 7 3-4 a 8 1-8, 4 mos.

Provisions.—The market is inactive for pork, and cannot be quoted over \$10 and \$8 1-2. Sales 375 bbls new Ohio hams, 'Winchester,' to arrive, at 7c. A lot of 50 bbls lard brought 7c. Butter and cheese firm, and in good demand.

Tin Plates.—One thousand boxes have been sold on terms not transpired.

Tobacco.—The market is inactive, and a sale of 60 bales Yara at 40c, 4 mos. By auction, 25 bales Cuba and Havana sold at 13a 27c, cash; 30 bbls Kentucky 3 1-2 a 5 1-4, average \$4 02; and 16 do 2a 1-4, average \$3 23, 4 mos.

Whalsons.—Farther sales of 30,000 lbs North-west Coast, for export, at 35c cash, the former price.

Zinc.—Sales have been made of 200 casks Belgian sheet, on terms not made public.

Wool.—Sales of fleece last week reached about 50,000 lbs, principally of the low and middling qualities. Foreign remains quiet.

Freights.—The highest rates are maintained. Flour was shipped to Liverpool as high as 5s 3d bbls, and a vessel was filled on Saturday at 5s for flour and 18d bu for corn in bulk, or 17d in bags; to Limerick 19d was paid; to London there is not so great a press; to Havre flour is 112 1-2 a 125c bbl; grain 30c bu; provisions 150c bbls; a vessel was chartered for Cowes and a market at 18 for corn in bags.

Business generally looks very well, though the usual inactivity of the season prevails, except in the forwarding of produce, which is shipped as fast as it is possible to find vessels.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Monday, Dec. 28.

At market, 1420 beef cattle, 85 cows and calves, and 2000 sheep and lambs.

Beef Cattle.—Prices are full 25 cents per cwt. cheaper, and we quote \$4 75 a 7 25 as the extremes. 125 left over.

Cows and calves.—All taken at \$16 25 a 35 50.

Sheep.—The market was cleared at \$1 25 a 50, and \$4 40 for extra lots.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

About 25 Traveling Agents, to travel in every State in the Union. Inquire at No. 24 Com. Buildings.

Also, a competent Agent to canvass this city.

WINCHELL!

DIALECTICIAN AND DELINEATOR OF

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS!

Mr. WINCHELL respectfully begs leave to announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this place, that he will appear at the *STANWIX HALL* on *New Year's Night*, with an entire new series of entertainments.

On which occasion he will introduce a variety of amusing burlesques, comical deliveries, calvinian funnyisms, gleesome humors, innocuous jollities, kindling levities, wuthful novelties, outgusting palliatives, queer reminiscences, satirical truisms, obnoxious voices, wags, xantippes, yahoos, zanays, &c. &c., followed by

THE SPEECH OF JIM WOLF,

A member of the Missouri Legislature, on the "Wolf Question."

After which, his Versatile Monologue of the old

BACHELOR,

In which he will depict four humorous and well contrasted characters. 1st—Gregory Grumble, an old bachelor pestered to death with poor relatives. 2d—Dennis O'Blunderbuss, an Irish servant, always blundering—always right in his own opinion—with sinning proprieties. 3d—Mrs. Sour Batter, an antiquated lady of 70 years, with large expectations, but disagreeable realizations, aunt to Grumble. 4th—Miss Buzanna Fawcett, a young lady of promise, who speaks tall words without knowing the meaning of them; together with other entertainments. For particulars see small bills.

Tickets 25 cents; each ticket admitting a lady and gentleman. Performance commences at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely.

T. H. MOAKLEY sail-maker and Rigger, carrier of State street and the Dock, Albany. Awnings, Bags, Cords, Sacking bottoms, Canvas, Duck, Twine, Bunting, Rope, &c.

N. B. Flags of all kinds made to order.

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PROGRESS OF THE PROTECTIONS.

Canandaigua, Dec. 28, 1846.

Dear Brother Tanner—You may send your paper to John W. Dempsey, Wm. M. Mason, A. C. Kellogg, Wm. Whipple, and Wm. Darrington.

Our Mechanics are much interested in your paper, and we intend to give you a large list of subscribers from this town. A weekly devoted to the interests of our mechanics has been long needed, and the low price of your paper, together with the useful matter and information it contains, must commend it to the patronage of every mechanic in the land.

Canandaigua Protection, No. 27, elected the following officers this evening, viz: S. S. Briggs, SP; J. W. Downing, JP; A. G. Granger, RS; Thos. Newman, FS; Chas. Coy, Treas.

Yours, in brotherhood, S.

Coal Statistics.—The total amount shipped from the various coal regions of Pennsylvania during the present season, up to the latest dates, has been as follows, viz:

	Tons.
From Schuylkill coal mines,	1,034,504
" Lehigh,	493,929
" Lackawana,	275,452
" Wilkesbarre,	189,582
" Pinagrove,	68,719
Total,	2,112,183

Judge Butler has been elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature of South Carolina, in place of Hon. George McDuffie, resigned.

The Hon. John C. Calhoun has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate from South Carolina for six years from the 4th of March next.

A LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the 12th of Dec. to the 19th of December, 1846, inclusive.

To Samuel Winnott, of Littleton, Pa., for improvement in cooking stoves: Patented Dec. 15, 1846.
To Edwin D. Wilson, of Phillips, Va., for improvement in washing machines: Patented Dec. 15, 1846.
To Hiram F. Wheeler, of Springville, Pa., for improvement in spinning wheels: Patented Dec. 15, 1846.
To Edward D. Tippet, of Georgetown, D. C., for improvement in washing machines: Patented Dec. 17, 1846.
To Wm. Beal, jr., of Norway, Maine, and Bernice S. Hale, of Lowell, Mass., for improvement in Mills for Cracking and Grinding: Patented Dec. 17, 1846.
To Fowler M. Ray, of New York, for improvement in car wheels. Patented Dec. 17, 1846.
To William H. Robertson, of New London, Conn., for improvement in mattresses. Patented Jan. 2, 1846.
To Sew'l Folsom, of Bridgeport, Conn., for improvement in Ladies Skirts. Patented Dec. 17, 1846.—*Scientific American.*

THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT

The price of labor never goes up in the ratio with other things. It has ever been the case, that if the price of labor increased one shilling, the price of provisions rose two. In 1516, a master carpenter, bricklayer, mason, tiler, or plumber received 6d per day, boarding themselves, other laborers 4d, and a servant on board wages or on a journey, in summer 5d, in winter 8d per day. These prices now look small, and in the minds of many there is a wonder how they could subsist at such rates of labor. But this will subside when we look at the price of provisions at that period. A fat ox could then be bought for 13s, or 26 days' work—a hog for 2s, or four days' labor—a load of hay for 2s 8d, or at most six days' work, and other things necessary for family consumption in proportion. At that time labor was priced according to other things, and should it not be so now? Although a mechanic then got seemingly less than he does now, still he really obtained more, for what mechanic at the present rates of labor, and prices for family necessities, can earn a load of hay in six days? a hog in four? a fat ox in twenty-six? or a cord of wood in two? and so on in proportion. And the question may be asked, "How was this?" We answer that although the prices of provisions were at that time apparently very low, yet the truth is that money was extremely high; and the reverse of that state of things being the case now, accounts for the difference of the mechanics' relative situations at that period with the present.—*Record.*

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
THE HOME JOURNAL FOR 1847.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.

We regret (and we do not regret) to say that we are under the necessity of breaking up the present series, and commencing a new volume of the HOME JOURNAL in January—the demand for the first and second numbers having so far exceeded our calculations, that we can no longer supply the new subscribers, who naturally wish to commence with the beginning. Our kind friends, who will have received five numbers of the HOME JOURNAL, will submit willingly, we hope, to the having two or three extra papers to bind with the volume for 1847; and the new arrangement will be a great convenience to the distant subscribers, who had only heard of our present series after its first numbers were exhausted, and who now can fairly commence the new Volume with the New Year. We shall issue, therefore, No. 1 of our new volume on the 21 of January, and thereafter, keep even pace with Father Time's old-fashioned beginnings and endings.

The following are the only terms on which the HOME Journal is furnished to subscribers:—

One copy for one year, \$2 00
Three copies, to one address, 5 00

Those who wish to subscribe, and commence with the January number, are requested to send at once to the Office of Publication, No. 107 Fulton street.

Agents supply single copies only.

GEO. P. MORRIS, d31 N. P. WILLIS.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The course of Lectures for the present season will be continued as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 22—Rev. John Williams of Schenectady. Subject—The History of Paris.

Friday, Dec. 25—Prize Essays by A. H. Cragin and Daniel Shaw, of Albany.

Jan. 2—David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia.

Tuesday, Jan. 5—Rev. John O. Choules, of Boston. Subject—Oliver Cromwell.

Friday, Jan. 8—Rev. John Choules, of Boston. Subject—Oliver Cromwell.

Tuesday, Jan. 12—Fletcher Webster, esq., of Boston.

Friday, Jan. 15—Fletcher Webster, esq., of Boston.

Tuesday, Jan. 19—Samuel Stevens, esq., of Albany. Subject—The Duties and Responsibilities of the present age.

Friday, Jan. 22—Pres. H. Humphrey, late of Amherst College. Subject—The Prophecy of History.

Tuesday, Jan. 25—Rev. Jno. N. Campbell, D. D., of Albany. Subject—The History of the Jews.

Friday, Jan. 29—Hon. William H. Seward.

Tuesday, Feb. 2—Rev. A. A. Wood, of West Springfield. Subject—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Friday, Feb. 5—Hon. William Parmelee.

Tuesday, Feb. 9—Rev. C. Wadsworth, of Troy.

Friday, Feb. 12—Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, of Albany. Subject—The wars with the Esopus Indians.

Tuesday, Feb. 16—Clarkson N. Potter, esq., of Union College. Subject—Mohammed.

Friday, Feb. 19—Thaddeus R. Van Ingen, esq., of Schenectady. Subject—Progress.

Tuesday, Feb. 22 (Washington's birthday)—Dr. Wm. B. Sprague. Subject—Washington.

Friday, Feb. 26—Rev. S. D. Burchard, of New York city. Subject—The History and Uses of Poetry.

Tuesday, March 2—Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, of Albany. Subject—The Earl of Chatham.

Friday, March 5—Alfred B. Street, esq., of Albany.

Tuesday, March 9—Prof. Taylor Lewis, of N. York University. HOOPER C. VAN VORST, Chairman Lec. Committee.

AMERICAN PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

DR. N. S. DEAN,

Nos. 19 and 21, Norton st., Albany, has established an INFIRMARY, for the reception of patients, who are afflicted with various acute and chronic diseases. His charges for board and medical attendance are moderate. His BATHING ROOMS are in complete order. Warm, Cold, Shower, Sulphur and Medicated Baths in readiness at all times, for the accommodation of his patients, and of the citizens generally.

Single baths 25 cents, 6 tickets for one dollar.
Dr. Dean employs in his practice vegetables only, as experience and practice have proved sufficient (without resort to mineral poisons,) to cure or alleviate all diseases to which the human family are subject, tenders his services and medicines to the public, satisfied that a trial of them will convince the most skeptical and unbelieving of their value and efficacy, are

His medicines are all prepared upon scientific principles, from vegetable substances only, and have stood the test of more than twenty years. Among his medicines, which have effected many surprising cures, after all mineral remedies had failed, and of which abundant certificates of the most respectable persons in this city and vicinity will be given.

DR. DEAN'S INDIAN'S PANACEA, for the cure of Consumption, Scrophula, or King's Evil, Incipient Cancers, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, particularly Ulcers and Painful Affection of the Bones, Ulcerated Throat and Nostrils, Ulcers of every description, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Hip Gout, Fever Sores and Internal Abscesses, Fistulas, Scald Head, Scurvy, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Cutaneous Diseases, Chronic Catarrh, Asthma, and Headache from particular causes, Pain in the Stomach and Dyspepsia, proceeding from vitiation, Affections of the Liver, Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys, and general debility. It is singularly efficacious in renovating those constitutions which have been broken down by injurious treatment or juvenile irregularities. In general terms, it is recommended in all those diseases which arise from impurities of the blood or vitiation of the humors of whatever name or kind.

Rheumatic Oil, an Indian specific. This oil has effected cures when all other remedies have failed, and needs but a trial to prove its efficacy, in the most inveterate cases. It is also an effectual remedy in cases of Bruises, Contracted Sinews, Scalds and Burns.

MUFFS AND ROBES—At No. 3 Exchange.

Received this morning the largest and best selected assortment ever offered to the public, consisting of
MUFFS—Fine Isabella Bear, Stone do, Black do, Grisley do; Blue Fox, Wood do, Red do; Nat. Lynx, Taft do, Black do.

Together with a large assortment of Chinchella Grey Squirrel, Wolf, imitation Lynx, black and natural Jenett and Coney.

ROBES—Trimmed: Martin, Jenett, Wolf and Coon. Untrimmed: No. 1 Buffalo Robes. No. 1 extra assorted do. Indian tanned do.

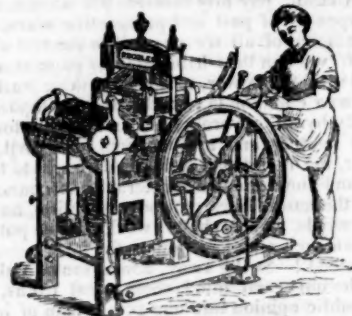
GLOVES—Gentlemen's driving Plucked and Unplucked Otter and Seal Gloves. Ladies Otter and Musk Riding Gloves.

CAPS—Otter, Seal, Nutria, Musk, Beas, silk Plush, Fur Trimmed, Cloth, Youth's, and Children's Velvet.

Also, Bows, Neck Ties, Umbrellas and Canes, which are offered to the public at a small advance. Purchasers will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

d10 GOODWIN & McKINNEY, 3 Exchange.

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Nos. 14 & 15 Commercial Buildings.

OFFICE OF

THE SON OF TEMPERANCE AND RECHABITE.

BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, Albany—The subscriber having removed his Boot and Shoe Store from North Pearl street to the above place, is now ready to execute all orders with which he may be favored. [d3] DAVID D. RAMSAY.

HENRY R. HOFFMAN, Book-Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer, No. 71 State street (up stairs), Albany. Plain and Fancy Binding executed in the first style of the art. Blank Books manufactured to any patron. d3

ALBANY CIGAR DEPOT.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has continually on hand for sale, a large and excellent assortment of Regalia, Principe Havana, and L'Norma Cigars, which he offers on the most advantageous terms, to wholesale or retail dealers.

d10 CHARLES W. LEWIS.

DANIEL TRUE, Die Sinker, may be found at No. 535 Broadway. Engraves Seals, Door Plates, &c. Cuts book-binders' Stamps and Dies, also Jeweler's and Silver-smiths' Dies, &c. d10

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The subscriber has opened a Boot and Shoe Store at No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, where he intends to make to order first rate Boots and Shoes; and will warrant them to fit as well, if not better, than those of any other shop in the city. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock, assuring them that no pains will be spared to give them entire satisfaction.

The subscriber has just returned from New York with a choice selection of manufactured Boots and Shoes, which he thinks will be found on trial a choice article. d3 D. D. RAMSAY.

Messrs. GOODWIN & McKINNEY having purchased my interest in the HAT AND CAP establishment, No. 3 Exchange, I cheerfully recommend them to the public for a share of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon me. Their experience in the business will be a sufficient guaranty that all articles in their line that are offered to the public for style and beauty of finish, will not be excelled in this or any other city.

LE GRAND SMITH.

HAT EMPORIUM.

GOODWIN & McKINNEY, successors to Le Grand Smith, manufacturers and dealers in HATS, CAPS, and FURS, No. 3, Exchange, Albany. We earnestly solicit the continuation of the former patronage to this establishment, assuring them that they shall be served to the best of our abilities, and to their perfect satisfaction.

ALFRED GOODWIN, d10. [A. M. McKINNEY.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

Any quantity of old Newspapers and Pamphlets in sheets, suitable for wrapping paper.